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159 686 brother, Atamai, came and said I had better return with them. They took me back, but on the way I ran away from them and hid in the grass. They couldn't find me and turned back to Rualkameng and told my husband he would have to pay, since I didn't want to leave and he had already taken my heart. The chief sat and sat in the sun [an embarrassing dunning procedure]. Then my husband promised that if they came back in five or six days he would have something for them. In five or six days they didn't come back. Lakamau had already got a Kolmale moko, so he said we had better take it to my kin. We took it to Maitama [instead of to the more distant kinsman, the chief of Atimelang, who had less right to it]. Maitama shot a hen and gave us some corn and rice, which we took back to my mother-in-law. So I stayed on and on until I was pregnant and gave birth to Wolmo. Before she could crawl her father died. [Pause. I asked how her husband died.]

159

My husband wasn't sick, but he kept going and going until his body was thin and his bones stuck out. At that time people were calling a Good Being at Lakfui. Mopada was doing it. All the people went to drink the water of the Good Being in order not to die. Lakamau went too. When he came back to Rualkameng, they said his body was thin because the evil spirit of Akanfala was following him. There was a dry tree there with a vine growing in it, and the tree had fallen over into Lakamau's garden and he had cut it all up. For this the evil spirit followed him. He planted rice in the field. Even though he drank the water of the Good Being, the evil spirit followed him, and when his rice ripened and it was harvesttime, he died.

159 768 At the time my husband died, Atamai, the younger brother of the chief of Atimelang, had come with a pig for the harvest feast. He said we had better go back together, because there was no one now to pay my bride-price. My mother-in-law said, "I am still living here. I am a woman, but I can pay a bride-price for her." So I stayed there. My mother-in-law said that Fanlang had taken twenty cans of her rice for a carabao feast and he would pay for it with a moko. We could use the moko for a bride-price. Fanlang paid with a Maningmauk moko, and my mother-in-law gave the Maningmauk to Atamai as a bride-price.

159 587 Then my mother-in-law called a man of my husband's Female House, also named Atamai. She said, "If you come and stay with us here you can marry her. But you must live here and you must follow my debts." So this man came and stayed with us. He slept with me and made a house. Then after a while he said, "Let us go to my uncle." [This differs from her account on March 12, in which she implies that she married

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her husband's uncle.] Once we were there, a large pig of his died, so he used it to give a death feast for his parents. He divided the rice to be pounded between me and his first wife. I began pounding it, but his first wife came and fought with me. She said I couldn't stay there, that we could not share a husband. She said I was from a strange village and I should return to it. So I didn't want to stay any longer and ran back to Lakamau's mother. Atamai's first wife still followed me and fought with me. I said, "Your husband doesn't bring anything to my feasts, so I don't want to stay here." Then I came back to Atimelang. [What did your mother-in-law say?] She said, "My daughter-in-law lives with me, yet you always come to fight with her. So now she can go home to her village. She can marry a man there in her own village if she wants to. If she doesn't, she can always live there and work in her fields." 159 587

At that time the rice was not yet ripe. I came back to Atimelang with my child. I wanted to help with the rice harvest, so I went back when it was ripe to help with the crop. By then my child could walk. When the rice was finished, my mother-in-law said, "Now that your child can walk, you can go back alone to your village. If you feel like it, you can come back here to see her. If the child is happy with me she can stay." So I came back alone. [Did you want to leave the child?] My mother-in-law said, "Your husband was my only child. Although your child is a daughter, she can take the place of her father. If the child goes to Atimelang, she will learn another dialect. If you take her away, every two or three days I shall be coming to see her and bring her back with me." So I said, "Good. I could stay here with you, but every day people would be coming to me and wanting to marry me to this man or that. So your child can stay here, and I shall go back." [How long ago was this?] This was two years ago. [Do you see the child often?] I have just cut a field of sun corn at Rualkameng and I take corn and beans to my child, and every morning she comes early to me and eats and stays on through the whole day with me. [Was this the first time you've seen her?] When I first came back here, I went all the time to see her. I always took her food—rice, beans, tubers, corn—but I didn't sleep near her. I was going to see her all the time. When my heart remembers, I must cook and take her food. She is about five or six now. [Rualkameng is about an hour's walk from here. Lomani has a garden there in her own right.] Five days ago when we were talking together, I had food already prepared in my house. When I left you, I took it to my garden. Padamo's mother had gone on ahead, and we two worked there that day in the fields. 159 768 855

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X159 [Question.] When I came back here I stayed with Kawaimani, and
587 I have stayed on with her ever since. Then Djetmani came to me. He
768 said, "I am also your husband because your husband was my older brother [classificatory; i.e., he is referring to levirate principles]. I could give a pig as a free gift [*pungbe*, the smallest of the bride-price payments]." So Djetmani gave a pig as a free gift for the Tilalawati feast. [Tilalawati was Lomani's lineage house, which was being rebuilt at the time. Djetmani as house-building partner should have helped with pigs. He was killing two birds with one stone.] Kawaimani and I pounded rice for the feast. After that he came and lived with me in Kawaimani's house.

[Did you love all three husbands or did you go to them just because your family said you should?] If my first husband had not died, I wouldn't have married the other two. They were his younger brothers [classificatory] and they said I had to marry them and couldn't marry other people. [A nice example of Alorese indirection. She implied that she was fond of her first husband only.]

March 17, 1939

X159 [No dreams; nor did she start of her own accord. I asked about her first memories of her mother, their quarrels, and their pleasures together.]

When I was still small, we were the Male House of Atakalieta of Maihieta. I, mother, and the others were staying at Kamangmelang. Atakalieta built a verandah for his death feast. He told us to fetch wood. So mother said we were to go fetch wood while she pounded rice. I, Marata, and Kolata went for wood while mother pounded rice. Lonpada was to weave a wall for the verandah, but she wasn't clever at it. She got a buoti [a kind of basket with an upright warp] and showed it to Falepang and told Falepang to copy it in weaving the wall. Then mother went to tie a big pig [i.e., contribute a pig to the feast]. Atakalieta tied even a larger pig. Mother said, "By and by my children will stare at other people's meat. I had better give a pig so they will get meat of their own." So we tied a pig, roasted it, and cut it up; we pounded rice and cooked it. The people who carved the meat put a pig's leg in my small basket and in Kawaimani's. That evening mother, I, and Kawaimani went home to Kamangmelang, and the Maihieta guests came home with us.

[Lomani still had not referred to discipline or to any ill feeling between her mother and herself. I probed again for hostility toward the mother.]

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159 died. [Stop. This was the first time the informant was not ready to plunge on. I asked what relationship Lonmau was to her. She was the informant's mother's brother's daughter's daughter, i.e., her "child."]

There was a dance at Alurkowati. I, Fanlang, and many others went. Fanlang had already slept with Lonfani, who was married to Senfani of Alurkowati. In the middle of the night that woman's husband came with a sword and struck Fanlang's shoulder, but Fanlang's familiar spirit was with him. [Familiar spirits were generally supposed to sit [774] on the shoulder.] Blood flowed like water. People lighted torches and looked. They brushed away the blood on Fanlang's shoulder, and there was no wound. There was blood everywhere, but no wound. His shield was split in two. Fanlang's familiar spirit told him, "An Alurkowati man has cut my finger. You must call many people to come." [Stop.] The shield was split, and the owner, from whom Fanlang had borrowed it, litigated. Fanlang paid him a Piki moko. Then he slept again with Lonfani. He slept with Maliemai. Her husband came to litigate. He had to pay twelve tallies' worth, consisting of five pigs, mokos, cloth, and tobacco. [The informant seemed unusually interested in, and [115] indiscreet about, other people's sexual misdemeanors. The interpreter privately expressed disapproval of her conversation.]

April 14, 1939

I dreamed that as my soul returned from Alurkowati, I came to a large, deep pool into which water flowed from a bamboo pipe. I drank from the pool, and as I did I saw my husband breaking off sugar cane. [This she told in a hushed and impressed tone of voice, saying it was a very bad dream. I asked why, and she said that breaking off sugar [787] cane was a sign of cutting a bamboo digging-stick to make a grave. She said that when she awoke she found that her husband felt sick and was still ill. She said, "Now that I have told my dream, shall I tell a myth?" I asked for personal material instead.]

When I was small my mother and father died. I don't remember them. I stayed then with my grandmother, whose death I remember. [736] Then I went to live with different aunts and uncles. [Stop.] I took [768] care of their children until I was old enough to think; then I made gardens. [Stop.] When I was caring for children, I said to my uncle, "If I only care for children, I shall never cultivate a field." So I began one, but he said, "Oh, you mind the children and I will finish your garden." [Stop.] Then he said his back hurt and that I could go out and cut fields with my friends while he minded the baby. He said, "If